A. M. D. G.

MEMORIALS

OF THE

IRISH PROVINCE, S.J.,

VOL. I., NO. VIII., JUNE, 1904.

Magnopere juverit crebro alios de aliis certiores fieri, ac audire quæ ex variis locis ad ædificationem, et eorum quæ geruntur cognitionem afferuntur.—*Const. VIII.*, 1.

DUBLIN.

1904.

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SOME LETTERS IN JESUIT ARCHIVES IN IRELAND.

Continued.

XII.

Letter from PETER TALBOT, A.D. 1654.

"Pax Christi.

"REVERENDE ADMODUM IN CHRISTO PATER NOSTER,

"Ex mandato expresso Regis Brittaniarum scribo ad Paternitatem vestram quæ sequuntur. Hiberni Catholici, tam illi qui sunt in patria quam qui foris magno numero exulant, instanter rogant Majestatem suam (et quidem qui in Hibernia sunt per nuntium expressum, alii omnes per libellum supplicem) dignetur significare summo Pontifici suum erga ipsos affectum voluntatemque favendi religioni Catholicæ; quo uti ipsi sperant fiet ut Sua Sanctitas animum quoque adjiciat ad subveniendum extremæ religionis ac gentis necessitati. In hunc finem edidere manifestum inclusum* quod ad Paternitatem vestram mittit serenissimus Rex, ut Summo Pontifici status fidei ac Hibernorum omnium innotescat; quidquidem talis est, ut sine gravi religionis nota negligi non posse videatur. His precibus tandem ac rationibus Catholicorum motus, Rex voluit tentare animum Summi Pontificis, per Paternitatem vestram, cui multum confidit; petitque hoc velit præstare obsequium Deo, sibi ac nationi Hiberniæ, pro constantia in orthodoxa fide tam crudeliter ac barbare afflictæ, ut dicat nomine suæ Majestatis Summo Pontifici, se nihil negaturum in favorem religionis Catholicae non solum in Hibernia, verum etiam in Anglia et Scotia (quando Deus ipsum restituerit) quod a viris prudentibus peti possit, daturumque exercitium publicum Romanae fidei in tribus suis regnis, legesque omnes contra Catholicos editas sublaturum, si Sanctitas sua per se et per alios velit tantum subministrare pecuniae quantum sufficit ad milites Hibernos in Angliam, Scotiam vel Hiberniam cum ipso Rege transportandos. Hoc Majestas sua promittit, cupitque ut commissio Pontificia ac potestas mittatur huc Coloniam ad Nuncium Apostolicum cum quo tractabit; si quae obtulerit non placebunt Sancti-

* Not in the MS. Its purport was probably analogous to that of the address to Innocent X., which is numbered 6 in this Appendix.

tati suae, nihil petit, aut expectat; promissis ac subscriptis stabit, cum sit e re sua fovere religionem illam, cujus professores expertus est subditorum fidissimos, atque monarchico regimini ex principiis suae fidei addictos. Cum vero ego objecissem Majestati suae Declarationem in Scotia factam contra Catholicos, maxime Hibernos respondit illam non minus fuisse contra se ac Protestantes quam contra Catholicos; fuisse vim manifestam, jam enim statuerant Scoti Presbyteriani personam suam Parlamento Anglicano tradere, si illam Declarationem ab ipsis factam non approbasset: quamprimum vero atque in ipsa Scotia paulo post rerum potitus fuit, illico publicasse primam illam Declarationem fuisse vi extortam, quod verissimum est. Insuper non dubitat quin Summo Pontifici sit satis notum fieri non posse ut Hibernis subveniatur alia via quam per Majestatem suam. Cromuellus enim illos penitus extirpare decrevit. Si vero a Sanctitate sua et Principibus Ecclesiasticis (suadente Pontifice) Rex non juvetur ut secum transferre possit exercitum Catholicum Hibernorum, oportebit ut (renitente licet animo) Presbyterianos amplectatur, juratos fidei hostes. Eo enim devenit res, ut diu non possit regnare Cromuellus; vel ipsi olim Regi infestissimi ipsum jam importune invitant, adeo sunt tributis oppressi tamque impatienter ferunt novi hominis insolentem tyrannidem: Majestas tamen sua non libenter ire vellet sine exercitu Catholico, cui posset fidere et Presbiterianos in ordine continere, ne religioni ullum damnum possint inferre. Si vero Summum Pontificem non tangat Hibernorum, ac religionis conditio, necessitate compulsus Presbiterianorum fidem tentabit, actumque erit de fide in regnis Britannicis. Miratur quoque serenissimus Rex tantam fidem adhiberi Romae cuidam Abbati Cisterciensi Hiberno, nomine Crilly* homini scandaloso (sunt verba Regis) totiusque Angliae ac aulae fabulae: dies consumit in tabernis, noctes vero alibi: nonnulli sunt in comitatu Regis, quibuscum (ut ipsi palam jurant) divertebat ad quasdam domos Parisiis et Londini. Quidquid sit de veritate hujus rei, certe nemo Londini dubitat de illa, tam publica et constans est fama; et tamen iste bonus Abbas per se et suos amicos (quod maxime dolendum) jactat se degere Londini non sine notitia Summi Pontificis, habereque a Secretario vel Congregatione de Propaganda Fide summam potestatem in omnes trium regnorum missionarios. Nunquam extitit majus scandalum religionis in Anglia, confirmantur haeretici in opinione falsa quam habent de Curia Romana ex moribus istius hominis, atque auctoritate quam praetendit.

"Haec sunt quae jussus sum a Rege scribere ad Paternitatem vestram nomine ipsius: per se noluit id praestare propter aliquas rationes; praecipua est, quia non est certus an Sua Sanctitas velit

* Crilly or Crelly is stated to have acted in 1649 50, at London as negotiator between the Marquis of Antrim, General Owen O'Neill and the Parliament of England. See "Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland, 1641-53," Dublin: 1879-81, vol. iii., p. 413.

negotium hoc promovere, quod Deus avertat. De caetero sua Majestas habet gratias Paternitati vestrae pro singulari affectu a suis subditis ubique erga ipsam declarato iis quibus potuerunt officiis; quorum promittit se nunquam fore immemorem, addetque novum gratissimum Paternitati vestrae si tali modo proponat istam rem Pontifici, ut de illa serio cogitet, ac remittat ad suum nuntium Coloniam, sic enim magis expedire videtur, Regi et secreto et effectui negotiationis.

"Ego vero de Rege possum dicere non sine fundamento, ipsum esse optime affectum non solum erga Catholicos, verum etiam religionem Catholicam; nec dubitant viri satis prudentes et orthodoxi, quin sit futurus et ornamento et utilitati Ecclesiae Dei. Certe utilitatem brevi experiemur omnes, si in Angliam, auxiliis Summi Pontificis ac cleri, poterit trajicere cum exercitu Catholico Hibernorum, divertet enim Cromuellum, Hollandos aliosque confoederatos haereticos adeo ut non poterunt executioni mandare quae machinantur contra Principes Catholicos Germaniae, Suecorumque conatus erunt irriti, dissolvaturque liga illa haeretica, toti Ecclesiae tam formidabilis: nec ullum possunt Catholici invenire aptius instrumentum ad haec omnia praestanda quam Regem Britanniae, qui periculo suo ac subditorum nihil non tentabit pro pace firma stabilienda ac conservanda; haec enim e re sua est, sicut omnia turbare ac confundere est e re Cromuelli.

"Deus servet vestram Paternitatem diu incolumem; nullus e consilio Regis aut mortalium praeter Regem, scit me scripsisse de ista materia ad Paternitatem vestram, neque ulli dicam; itaque non est cur vereatur aliquid praejudicii aut mali Societati futurum. Sanctissimis Sacrificiis Paternitatis vestrae me commendo.

"Paternitatis vestrae indignus servus in Christo,

"PETRUS TALBOTUS.

"Coloniae, 17 Novembris, 1654."

Endorsed: "Hibernia, 17 Nov. 1654.—Colonia, Pater Petrus Talbotus.—Jussu Regis rogat Paternitatem suam ut res Hibernorum et ipsius etiam Regis commendat Pontifici, et miratur Rex quod Romae tantum credatur Abbati cuidam Hiberno; et mittit libellum supplicem Hiberniae.—12 Dec."

XIII.

Letters from ANTHONY GEOGHEGAN,* Bishop of Meath, A.D. 1659, 1660.

1.

"REVERENDISSIME PATER,

"Onustus maneo obligationibus vestrae Paternitatis et Societatis Jesu; ubique inveni vestros meos protectores, et benefactores; humiliter rogo ut meae literae Sanctitatis Suae manibus tradantur

* See Appendix V. Notices of this Bishop will be found in Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland, 1641-52." Dublin: 1879.

vestra mediatione. Ab initio mundi non fuit talis confusio hic in Anglia. Sunt in continua confusione per tria haec regna. Richardus Crumuel est privatus omni dignitate Protectoriatus ac omni jure hereditario quod ipsi a patre simul et Parliamento collatum fuerat; hic credunt quod Henricus Crumuel,* Hiberniae Prorex, non submittet se Parlamento ob sui fratris depositionem, et sic erit regnum adversus regnum. Qui modo gubernant, Flitwith,† Lampert,‡ Fairfax§ et alii volunt gubernare per modum Status; sed unum scio quod paucissimi in toto hoc regno sint contenti quandoquidem nullus habeat securitatem vitae vel bonorum, quia omnia reguntur violentia gladii, non jure legum aut civium. Huc appuli ante octiduum, proponens firmiter ire in Hiberniam ad meum gregem, secundum omnem meam possibilitatem, quamvis transitus non fuerit tam difficilis a plurimis annis. Haec sunt quae de facto occurrunt. Rogans ut vestra Reverendissima Paternitas habeat memoriam mei in suis sacrificiis, promittens me semper fore amicum fidelissimum totius Societatis Jesu et vestrae Reverendissimae Paternitatis. Interim vivo indivisus ad mandatum‖ . .

"Vestrae Reverendissimae Paternitatis amicus et servus,

"Fr. Antonius,

"Episcopus Midensis Hibernus.

"Londinii, 20 Maii, 1659."

Endorsed: "Reverendissimo Patri Goswino Nickel, Societatis Jesu) Praeposito Generali, Romam."

Endorsed: "Hibernia, 20 May, 1659.—Episcopus Midensis."

2.

"Reverendissime Pater et Honoratissime Patrone,

"Sine memoria vestrae Paternitatis Reverendissimae non celebro, neque hoc mirum est quandoquidem obligationibus vestrae Societatis et vestrae Reverendissimae Paternitatis onustus sum. Quoad nova, omnia meliora speramus propter adventum Regis nostri, qui est consolator nostrae nationis, uti omnes existimant, et de futuro erit fautor et restitutor bonorum. Vivo in cavernis quasi adhuc, sicuti et benefactor in quibus possem vestris Patribus et ad hoc teneor multis titulis et modis. Peto ut dignetur vestra Reverendissima Paternitas me commendare Summo Pontifici. Hic in quantum possum facio omnia quae sunt meae obligationis, sicut plurimi sciunt. Omnia fiant ad gloriam Dei, uti orabit.

"Vester fidelissimus servus,

"Fr. Ant[onius],

"Episcopus Midensis in Hibernia.

"Ex loco Nostri refugii in Hibernia, 26 Aug., 1660."

Endorsed: "Hib[ernia], 26 Aug. 1660.—Episcopus Midensis."

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* Henry Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. † Charles Fleetwood.
‡ John Lambert. § Thomas, Lord Fairfax. ‖ MS. torn.

XIV.

Letters of Oliver Plunket, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh

A.D. 1672, 1673.

1.

"Reverendissimo Signore, mio Padrone osservandissimo,

"Il Signore Crevero, Agente de Prelati di questo regno in cotesta corte, mi scrive, quanto è obligato a vuestra, Paternita Reverendissima per la sua gentilezza, benignita e patrocinio preso di lui, il che è gran sellievo al detto Signore Creveo, sapendo tutti quanto gran padrone e benefattore ella è, come io so e seppi per lunga esperienza a Roma, come ancora tutti i miei paesani, li quali ricorrevano a vuestra Paternita Reverendissima, del che ne fanno tutti in questo regno ampla e larga testimonianza e fede; e già che non possono in altra maniera corresponder o mostrare la gratitudine che in amore e fare bene a suoi figli della Compagnia di questo regno, l'assicuro che in ciò non sono negligenti, pigri o freddi; e li Pradi per il gran bene che fanno, meritano d'esser amati, lodati e carezzati. Io ne hò tre Padri nella dioscese Armacana, li quali, per virtù, dottrina, e fattighe, sono bastanti d'arrichire un regno. Il fundatore della residenza Armacana è il Padre Stefano Rice,* huomo dotto, efficace nel predicare, prudente nell operare, e di profunda virtù religiosa; nè si stanca mai nel insegnare, instruire et assister alla gioventù et i preti giovani de quali è essaminatore e direttore. O quanto pati questi due anni e 4 mesi passati nel fondare la detta residenza! Sudavit et alsit; Ed è tanto modesto, tanto riservato, che pare che hieri fosse uscito dal novitiato di St. Andrea. Hebbe l'educatione in Fiandra, e prese veramente il spirito della Compagnia e lo conserva; é figlio degno di tanto padre quanto è St. Ignatio. Questo Padre Rice in somma è un altro Padre Yonge.†

"Il secondo è il Padre Ignatio Broune,‡ predicatore insigne nella lingua Inglese, è huomo dotto, e di costumi essemplari. Fu allevato nelle Spagne, e predica ogni festa, con gran applauso nella cappella parochiale.

"Il terzo [è] il Padre Murphi; buon teologo, buon religioso; e predica pure bene nella lingu Ibernese, ed è giovane di gran ingegno.

"Vi è un fratello chiamato Nicolo, e pare che sia fratello carnale de fratello Georgio di santa memoria. Nella scuole sono da 150 giovanni, per la maggior parte figli di cavagliere e gentilhoumini Cattolici; e sono ancora da 40 figlioli di cavaglieri e gentilhoumini Protestanti; ella puo imaginare, che cordoglio è ai ludimagistri e

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* Stephen Rice, Jesuit, born at Dingle, Kerry, in 1625, died at Dublin in 1699.

† John Yong, or Young, Jesuit, born at Cashel in 1589, died in 1664 at Rome, where a portrait of him was engraved with the followng inscription: "P. Joannes Yongus, Hibernus, Societat Jesu. Ob. Romae, 13 Julii, 1664. Ætat 75"

‡ Ignatius Browne, Jesuit, born at Waterford in 1630, founded a college at Poictiers, and died at Valladolid in 1679.

ministri Protestanti, veder li figlioli Protestanti venire alle scuole della Compagni. Nella città della mia diocese dove è la residenza, sono residenze de Dominicani, de Franciscani, delli Agostiniani, e de Capuccini, e la città si chiama Drogheda o Dreat, nelle nostre lingue, Inglese, et Ibernese, nella Latina, Pontana, tanto distante da Dublinio quanto è Tivoli da Roma, è porto maritimo, situato sul nobile fiume Boine o Boina; e dal gran ponte che vi è la città si chiama Pontana. E abondante di grani, di carni d'ogni sorte, e di pesci: la campagna attorno è habita[ta] per la maggior de cavalieri e gentilhoumini ortodossi, e nella città sono mercanti ricchi ed arteggiani ben stanti. Quando io introdussi alla mia diocesi li Padri, e le Scuole cominciarono a fiorire, Monsignore Talbotto* riprendeva l'impresa come temeraria, imprudente e precipitosa e vana gloriosa, e che sarebbe di curta vita, e specialmente in una città si conspicua. Ma egli non sapeva il tutto. Il Vicerè, my Lord Berkley† era mio amicissimo, e mi stimava piu che non meritavo; et in verbo ipsius laxavi rete, e fondai la residenza; è il presente Vicerè, il Conte d'Essex,‡ home savio, prudente e moderato. Non è niente inferiore al predecessore nell' amorevolezza verso di me, e perciò le scuole, come vissero questi due anni e 4 mesi, cosi speriamo che Iddio per l'intercessione di St. Ignatio le dara una piu lunga vita. Ut ut sit, quando il vento è favorabile, bisogna alsar le vela e navigare; quando è contrario o tempestoso, le bassaremo e ci ritiraremo e qualche porticello sotto qualche montagno o rupe.

"Saluto caramente li Reverendissimi Padri Noel e Cattaneo, Secretario di vestra Paternita Reverendissima, come ancora li Padri Morelli e Cortege. Vi è nella Propoganda un giovane chiamato Gulielmo Plunkett, nipote del Conte di Fingallia,§ del Cavagliere Nicolo Plunkett,‖ e del Vescovo Midense.** La raccomendo a a vuestra Paternita Reverendissima; è mio parente.

"Padre Reverendissimo e carissimo, la carta finisce e manca, ma Io non finirò ne mancherò mai d'esser di vuestra Paternita Reverendissima. "Servitore affetissimo e obligatissimo,

"Oliviero Armacano,
"Primate D'Ibernia.

"Dublinia, li 22 di 9bre, 1673."

"Al Reverendissimo Padre Oliva, Generale della Compagnia di Giesù, mio Padrone Osservandissimo, Roma."††

Endorsed: "R. 28, Jan. 1673.—Hibernia.—Dublinii, 22 Novembris, 1673. Domini Oliveri Plunckett, Archiepiscopi Armacani.—

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* Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin.
† John, Lord Berkley, Viceroy of Ireland, 1670-71.
‡ Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, Viceroy of Ireland, 1672-75, 1676-7.
§ Earl of Fingall. ‖ Sir Nicholas Plunkett.
** Patrick Plunkett, Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath.
†† See "Facsimiles of National MSS. of Ireland," Part IV.—2 Plate LXXVII. London: 1884.

Agens Praelatorum Hiberniae valde laudare studium erga se Paternitatis vestrae.—Multos esse in regno, qui bene de se merita Paternitatis vestrae meminerint, eoque nomine Societati bene faciant.—Tres è Societate esse in sua Dioecesi.—Mire laudat Patrem Stephanum Riccium a virtute ac laboribus, itemque reliquos duos.—Multos filios Nobilium esse in scholis Societatis, atque ex iis 40 heterodoxos.—Esse etiam in urbe Pontana, ubi ipse residet plurium aliorum Ordinum Religiosos.—Suum istud de residentia et scholis consilium visum fuisse temerarium Domino Talbotto, sed usum se favore duorum Proregum.—Salutat Patrem Assistentem Germaniae, Patrem Segretarium, et fratrem Morellum, itemque Cortegium.—Commendat Paternitati vestra nepotem suum, qui est Collegio de Propaganda."

2.

"Reverendissimo Padre mio, Padrone osservandissimo,

"Da che io sono venuto a questo regno, mi sono, igegnato al meglio che ho potuto d'esercitare la gratitudine verso la Compagnia, la quale mi diede l'educatione, e non tralasciô mai maniera veruna di procurare il mio avanzamento alle cathedre di dottrina, et alle dignite mitrate; et io per venire su li miei disegni di servirmi della Compagnia, per beneficio spirituale della mia diocese, feci scelta del Reverendo Padre Stefano Rice,* persona (conforme io giudicai e poi sperimentai) di profonda religiosità, di gran prudenza, indefesso nel patire, et assiduo nel lavorare nella vigna del Signore, nei pergami e scuole della diocese Armacana, di tanta poi modestia, che quando sta meco spesse volte nelle case de signori piu grandi, non vi è novitio di St. Andrea che custodisca l'esteriore diportamento delli occhi, etc., piu che non fa egli. In somma mi parve sempre, da due anni mezzo che lo cognosco e prattico, un vero figlio di S. Ignatio, e fratello carnale del P. Yonge della santa memoria. Hora, sono certo che don sbagliai nei giudicare, vedendo che vuestra Paternita Reverendissima l'eesse per Superiore di questa missione; e per dire il vero la missione ne haveva bisogno d'un tale Superiore, il quale per la prudenza e scienza la sa governare, e per l'essemplarita de religiosi costumi la puo dirigere; et è il commune sentimento dei Prelati e nobili ortodossi di questo regno che la Compagnia s'avanzera in Hibernia mediante il gran manneggio di questo Padre. Ma io che amo la Compagnia, e minutamente considero lo stato d'essa in questo regne, e pondero seriamente ciò che la puo conservare e giovare e ciò che la puo distruggere, vedo che sta in una calamitoso conditione in questo paese; vedo che non sara (con mio gran cordoglio) di lunga vita o di lunga durata in Hibernia, se no havera modo e maniera di d'allevare e recever novitii, e di castigare li professi discoli e dissubedienti. Li Frati di St. Dominico e di St. Francisco hanno a Lavagno† et altrove a questo effetto residenze e

* See p. 383. † Louvain. See Fourth Report of Royal Commission on Historical MSS. London: 1874, p. 599.

conventi; l'hanno ancora li Capuccini a Charlevile* in Francia. Se li Padri Inglesi della Compagnia non havessero collegi e residenze fuori d'Ingilterra, un pezzo factum fuisset de illis.

"E se vostra Paternita Reverendissima, per il gran zelo che ha della conservatione e propagatione della fede in paesi hetterodossi, e per l'affetto grande che sempre hebbe et ha a questa infelice natione, non dara la mano alla conservatione della Compagnia in essa, non fara quella riuscita che io desidero e si spera. Ma del modo che si potra prender nel giovarla io discurrero con il P. Rice e con li altri Padri gravi di questo regno, e ne daro parte del mio e loro sentimento a vostra Paternita Reverendissima; e pregherò sempre per la salute e lunga vita di vostra Paternita Reverendissima. Armachia li 30 di Genaio, [16]73.

"Servitore affettissimo e obligatissimo

"Oliviero Armacano,

"Primate di tutta l'Hibernia.

"Al Reverendissimo Padre, mio Padrone osservandissimo, il Padre Oliva, Generale della Compagnia di Giesù, Roma."

XV.

Letter from Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, A.D. 1673.

"Reverendissime in Christo Pater,

Cum Episcopi et Religiosi edicto Regis ejiciantur ex Hibernia et Patres Iberni Societa[ti]s Jesu nullum in hisce partibus habeant domicilium, obtuli meum obsequium Patri Riccio, Missionis Superiori, si ulla in re mea indiguisset opera gens et de me et de Ecclesia Catholica opime merita. Pater Superior misit Parisios Patrem Ignatium Brunum,† qui huc appulit; verentur Patres Galli ne sit illis oneri, sed immerito; nam in Provincia haerere non cupit diutius quam incoeptum negotium cum Regis Confessarii auxilio absolvat. Id negotium a Patre Ricio fuerat commissum Patri Bruno quod mihi constat ex literis ejusdem Patris Superioris. Res est religioni Catholicae ac saluti animarum tam proficua, ut non dubitem quin vestra Paternitas Reverendissima actura si gratias Patri Ferrier, Confessario, pro patrocinio praestito, ac Patri Bruno pro labore suscepto. Nam ut verum fatear, soli vestri ad missionem Hiberniae videntur idonei. Alii regulares (quod expertus sum) plus nocent quam juvant. Rogo igitur enixe Paternitatem Vestram Reverendissimam ut auctoritate sua foveat florentem quondam missionem, nunc plane in extremis positam; commendetque Societati in hisce Provinciis, ut exules pro fide socios ea qua par est charitate recipiant, protegant, conspirentque ad Seminarii, quod meditamur erigere, fundationem. Commendo me sanctissimis Paternitatis

* See Ninth Report of Royal Commission on Historical MSS. London: 1884. Part ii., pp. 344-5.

‡ See Appendix XIV.—1.

vestrae Reverendissimae sacrificiis, precorque Deum ut eam vestrae Societati ac mihi servet ad plures annos incolumem.

"Reverendissimae Paternitatis vestrae humilimus in Christo servus, "PETRUS DUBLIN[IENSIS],

"Hiberniae Primas.

"Parisiis, 29 Decembris, 1673."

"Rex Angliae ac Dux Eboracensis commendarunt me Regi Christianissimo, et quidem literis manu propria scriptis, enixeque ab ipso petunt ut mihi beneficio (caractere meo digno) provideat. Tradidi literas, meumque negotium Patri Ferrier, Regis Confessario, commisi. Dignetur Paternitas vestra Reverendissima ad ipsum scribere ut particulari studio in hanc rem incumbat, nam ex illius successu pendet spes Seminarii pro fide conservauda in Hibernia."*

XVI.

Letter from JAMES II., A.D. 1698.

"MON REVEREND PERE,

"Nous avons receu la lettre que vous nous avez ecritte au sujet du changement que vous croiez estre obligé de faire dans le Collège Irlandois; La confiance que nous avons en vous nous fait esperer que vous ne le ferez point sans une necessité indispensable, et que vous aurez toutte l'attention possible pour tascher de choisir quelque religieux de cette nation qui soit propre à gouverner cette maison. Cependant s'il vous étoit absolument impossibile d'en trouver aucun qui p[e]ut y convenir, nous laissons a votre prudence et à votre discretion de faire, ce que vous jugerez le plus à propos pour le bien et l'avantage de ce Collège, ne doutant point que lorsque dans la suitte vous serez informé de quelque sujet national qui ait les qualitéz requises pour le gouverner, vous vous souviendrez de la promesse que vous nous avez faitte. Nous vous remercions des assurances que vous nous donnez si obligeament de la continuation de vostre amitié, de vostre zéle pour tout ce qui nous regarde, de vos bonnes priéres et de celles de la Société, pour laquelle, et pour vostre personne particuliere, nous avons tojours beaucoup d'estime et de consideration. Sur ce nous prions Dieu qu'il vous ait, mon Reverend Père, en Sa sainte garde. Donné à S. Germain en Laie, et 15 Septembre, 1698.

"Votre bon amy "JACQUES R."†

Addressed:—"Au Reverend Père General de la Compagnie de Jesus."

Endorsed: "Rex Angliae Jacobus de Collegio Hibernico in Urbe, de 15 Sept. 1698.—Epistola Jacobi, Regis Anglie circa electionem Rectoris in Collegio Hibernorum, Romae, an debeat esse nationalis, 1698, 15 Septembris."

* See "Facsimiles of National MSS. of Ireland," Part IV.—2. Plate XCII. London: 1884.

† See "Facsimiles of National MSS. of Ireland," Plate IV.—2. Plate LXXVIII. London: 1884.

MEMOIR OF FATHER DUFFY, S.J.

PART II.

On the morning of the 16th of August, 1888, Father Patrick Duffy, at the age of 74, left Ireland for the far-off land of Australia, there to spend himself in ceaseless work for the "Good Master," until he should be called to that "Better Land," where he would rest for ever from his labours.

What was it that induced him to volunteer to go to such a distance and at such an advanced age? He himself reveals the secret in a letter written to a friend some years later. He says: "Oh! dear me, had I hesitated when I got the invitation some years ago, to break the remaining ties, and quit *all*, and for ever! what an unhappy man, comparatively, I should be to-day! I saw then what I see now, and have seen ever since—the mercy that said: 'Come, soldier! here's a crowning grace for you—*up* and *at* it! Away from your country and your friends! away to the far-off battlefield of Australia—a land you won't like naturally, but in which I wish you to finish the fight! 'Fear not,' that voice went on to say, 'I'll give you the necessary strength, and only be a plucky soldier you, and show me what stuff is in you!" Well, I am very happy and contented, I thank God, and I know that 'tis from having hearkened to that Voice of exceptional goodness and mercy, and obeyed it, that these happy feelings come. I am *sure* of it. God asks sometimes, and He gives, when He gets what He asks for, ten thousand times more than He gets."

Before setting out on his long journey, Father Duffy wrote a touching letter to his sister, as follows :—

"Saint Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner Street,
"Dublin, August 15th, 1888.

"My own dear Sister—Father R—— will hand you this, and explain matters to you. I am off to Australia! Say God's will be done, for *it is* the will of God. Don't fret about me, for before very long you and I will meet in a happy eternity! I hold this grace to be the surest sign that God could give me of that meeting. God's holy will be done. I am very, very happy. I will not cease to care you, and cherish you, tho' far away, nor have I the very very least fear about you. God who calls me away will bless you to the end.

"From my heart of hearts, I am your own fond brother in J.C.,
"P. E. Duffy, S.J."

Father Duffy landed in Australia at the end of September. The first scene of his labours was St. Ignatius', Richmond, Melbourne, where he immediately commenced, in company with another Father, a series of missions, extending over a month.

In his second letter to his sister he writes as follows :—

" October 15th, 1888. . . . I am very anxious to hear from you. Not a word since the day I saw you for the last time—August 1st ! I knew it was to be our last meeting, but said nothing in mercy to you and to myself. I had long before determined to keep my secret to the last—even from you—to make the offering in full, and lay it *all* at the foot of the cross. And I think it was accepted. It was all God's doing. Of this I have not a doubt. Were it otherwise, I should hardly feel, as I do feel, so very happy. The look back is happy ; the look forward is inexpressibly cheering ! I am very well, thank God. Plenty of work, and able for it. A grand mission going on—a great crowd, etc., etc. Immediately on arriving, a fortnight ago, I wrote to you telling you of the voyage, etc. This is a large city. We have charge of the parish of Richmond—about 7000 Catholics. Our church is a fine one—will be quite as fine as Ours in Dublin when finished, as it soon will be. Sodalities, schools, etc., etc."

In the early part of 1889, he was transferred to St. Mary's, North Shore, Sydney, where the same round of missionary duty went on as before.

In a letter dated April 12th, he says :—" I have just returned from giving a mission—a week or so—at a place called Lane Cove, a country place some seven miles or so from Sydney. I had the work of the mission all to myself ! Alone from six in the morning till eight or nine at night, preaching three times daily. Rosary ; benediction ; confessions ; etc. So you see I am alive at all events. I am—and am well, thank God, and very happy. I don't think my voice was ever stronger than during those days of the last mission. In fact, I felt stronger when it was over than in the beginning ! *Some one* must be helping. On the concluding evening, Passion Sunday, we had a grand affair besides the usual devotions ; we had Renovation of Baptismal Vows, all standing—men and women with lighted candles, etc. It was edifying and imposing. Alongside of the little church there is a Convent of Mercy nuns—four of whom teach the children, etc. They took good care of me. I was very happy all the time. Once or twice I had a glorious ramble thro' one of the big forests at hand. Silence and solitude that I so much love—only trees on all sides of you, and the blue sky above ! They say there are sermons in stones—yes, and in trees too—and often had I food for meditation on the shortness of human life as I stood by the decaying trunk of some enormous tree, prostrate through age, and fast returning into dust ! I gave one of them a kick, and away it went in powder ! How many generations, I asked, since that tree was a plant ? Hundreds of years have rolled away since then—generation has followed generation to the tomb. What is the life of *man* ? *One moment !* and yet on this moment depends Eternity !"

Again, on the 29th he writes :—" . . . Holy Week I spent at our College of St Ignatius, Riverview ; a fine College, and will be grand later on when finished. I gave the youngsters their Retreat at it from

early till late. I spoke to them four times daily—voice never stronger. So, as I have said already, plainly I am alive! One of the Fathers told me he was away in the woods and he heard me quite easily. So *some one* must be helping, I think. Yes, and on these occasions I feel there is. You would laugh if you heard me, and saw me climbing a big rock or precipice in one of the great forests here, as I say encouragingly to myself. 'Bravo, 75! there is a little bit of the *old go* of forty years ago in you still. In plain English, I don't feel the old man yet, hardly a bit of it—ready always for my share of whatever comes. Is not God good? The month of May is just on, when we shall all of us here, five Fathers, have a finger in Our Lady's pie! May over, I give the pupils of our other College here, St. Aloysius, day boys—Riverview is for boarders—their Retreat. Then I make my own here—then away for any number of Retreats at places some five or six hundred miles from here! such as Hay, Deliniquin, etc., etc."

On the 6th of August, he ended a Retreat for the Presentation nuns at Elstermwick, Victoria, then rested for a fortnight, after which he was off to Tasmania, where he was engaged to give one Retreat for Priests, and four Retreats for Nuns, to wind up by a mission in the Cathedral at Hobart, which ended on the 8th of December.

While he was engaged with the Sisters of Charity at Hobart, he had the happiness of receiving into the Church a young English Protestant lady, daughter of an officer in the Army, of whom he speaks in very pleasing terms in his letters.

There is also another special event in connection with Father Duffy, which took place while he was on the Island, but of which he himself makes no mention in his letters, probably from a motive of humility. However, we have it from the pen of another, and is as follows:—

"The Rev. P. Duffy, S.J.,
"St. Mary's Presbytery,
"North Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

"It was in the autumn of A.D. 1889.

"The above distinguished son of St. Ignatius, the holy founder of the Society of Jesus, was on a visit to Tasmania, and was engaged in the discharge of the duties of his vocation in that Pandemonium isle.

"Retreats and missions were conducted by him. Sermons were preached by him and lectures delivered. His name as well for science as for sanctity, had permeated the land, and everywhere did he arouse a spirit of piety and devotion to the Madonna.

"The period had at length arrived when holy obedience bade him return to the place from whence he came, and resume his duties in fair Sydney by the sea. Ere yet, however, he would depart he was solicited by his Grace the Archbishop of Hobart to accompany him to a levée at Government House, Tasmania.

"Life in the Colonies is very different from life in Ireland. The Colonies enjoy the blessings of Home Government, and are happy and

contented. Not so with Ireland. Her Majesty's representative in each colony is styled "Governor," and "receives" on each Monday afternoon all those who may be disposed to pay him a social visit. The happiest relations subsist in Tasmania between Church and State, and as a consequence Archbishop Murphy and Governor Hamilton were fast friends.

"Now on this particular Monday afternoon Rev. Father Duffy, S.J. accompanied his Grace to the Government House Lévee. Hundreds of others were present on similar purpose intent. A military band discoursed sweet music, and all is gaiety and sunshine. Visitor after visitor file into the reception room, and at length the Archiepiscopal party enter. But, hark! what means that pause? Is Sir Robert Hamilton ill? He trembles. He approaches Father Duffy, and there, before all, he embraces him most tenderly, and exclaims: "My saviour and my friend! Though I know not your name, Rev. Father, I recognise you as the military chaplain who saved my life in the Crimean War of 1855, when I, a stripling, yet an ensign, was left for dead on the field. You placed me on your shoulders, and conveyed me to the ambulance, and tenderly cared me to recovery, and now I am proud to acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe."

"Deafening cheers greeted the statement, to which Father Duffy pleaded guilty, much to his own chagrin.

During his stay in Tasmania Father Duffy was much impressed by the Irish element that prevailed on the island. He says:—"The nuns out here are wonderfully kind. They are mixed—Irish and native. But all that is good wherever one goes out here is either Irish, or of Irish growth in some way. Subtract the old land and you will have very little in these parts to boast of. The Archbishop and all his priests, but one—a Frenchman—are Irish. Glorious Ireland! May God save Ireland! May God for ever bless Ireland! I am proud of my native land, and, though I shall not see her again, far away in my voluntary exile my heart turns towards her with an undying love! I have not seen her equal."

On his return journey to Sydney he stopped at Richmond for a short time, to rest after the fatigues of his campaign in Tasmania, and before proceeding onwards he gave a retreat to the scholastics at Kew Colloge. There was now a lull in the matter of retreats for the time being, and the ordinary daily work went on as before.

At the close of 1890 we find Father Duffy giving a mission in Sydney, after which he conducted a retreat for the Sisters of Saint Joseph. With reference to these nuns he writes:—"The Sisters of St. Joseph in Australia are very useful. They are hard-working and self-denying—altogether devoted to the poor. They came into existence some forty years ago, and are multiplying rapidly. I made acquaintance with them last year in Tasmania, and they certainly pleased and edified me."

In August, 1891, while he was engaged conducting a retreat for the Mercy nuns at Albury, N. S. W., he got marching orders to go to Hawthorn where he remained for some months until the beginning of the following year, when he was transferred to Kew. In his first letter from that College, dated February 7th, 1892, he says :—"You see by my address that I have had another change. In regard of it I am all agreeable, and very happy, I thank God. This is a fine college—new, well situated, good air. Like Hawthorn, where I was, Kew is a suburb of Melbourne—a stirring, rising place. Among my duties is the charge of the Sodality of the B. V. M. 'Tis from the sodalities in our colleges that the noviceship is recruited. Pray that I may send some recruits at the end of the year. Pray that I may make soldiers of my men—true Soldiers of Christ—not mere milk-and-water creatures, with but little of the soldier in them."

On another occasion, he adds : "That detestable milk and water ! Detestable in anyone, but not to be borne in a Religious. A fervent Religious is the happiest being on earth—milk-and-water can never be happy. A fervent community is a community of angels on earth. A milk-and-water community had better not exist."

In the beginning of December, 1892, Father Duffy was ordered off to New Zealand to conduct a number of Retreats on both Islands. A letter written to his sister while there may be read with interest :—

"Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Wellington, New Zealand.

"December 29th, 1892.

"My own dearest Sister—Here I am in New Zealand, some 1,200 miles from Melbourne ! I left Melbourne in the beginning of Dec., and have been on the war-path ever since, conducting Retreats—one no sooner ended than another was begun. And there are more to come—on to the month of February. I am in my element, I thank God, am quite well, and am able for them all. I like New Zealand very much—a fine country and climate—greatly superior to Australia. Everyone is kind to me, and I get on well. Wellington is a nice clean city, with a fine harbour, and a brisk trade. On Christmas morning I finished a Retreat for the Marist Brothers, to begin here with the Mercy Nuns the next day. The community, nearly all Irish, about thirty, and among them two that were penitents of mine years ago in Dublin ! a strange meeting. They were enchanted to see me once more. So I am in the midst of friends. Indeed, the entire community are most friendly and satisfactory, and feed me like a fighting cock ! I have a room in the Archbishop's (Dr. Redwood's) house, close at hand. Now, I must stop—to continue later—only adding that my second Mass on Christmas Day was for you—of course the Convent came in for a share. . . .

"January 1st, 1893.

"New Year's Day ! A happy New Year, and many such. May it be for you a year of special benediction. Everything going well, T.G.

This Retreat drawing towards a close, thirty-nine nuns making it, more than I had thought. Did not forget you or the Convent this morning at the altar. Must stop.

"Timaru, Convent of the S. Heart, Jan. 8th.

"Began here last evening. A very fine Convent; an Irish lady Superioress, from Dundalk; about thirty in Retreat. Weather fine. Am very well, T.G. Will be here for some eight or ten days yet; then away to the Mercy nuns at Reefton, across the world for some two or three days on top of a stage coach! Pretty smart going! through the bush and over the mountains! five horses to the coach, and galloping all the time for nearly four days! What say you to that? But *young* men like *me* don't mind these things.

"Jan. 15th. Feast of the Most Holy Name.

"Did not forget you or the Convent at the altar this morning. Said two Masses, one in the Convent at 7½ o'clock, and at it professed a nun. The other in the Parish Church at 9; preached for three quarters of an hour, then breakfast, two chops and two eggs! Baptized a child, and gave the nuns the 'Battery' from 12 till 2½ o'clock! All in fine spirits; made them laugh plenty. Got your letter a couple of days ago, but had no leisure to read it till to-day. God bless you for it and keep you well."

"Auckland, March 20.

"Here I am with the care of a parish for a week or two. Yesterday—Passion Sunday—said two Masses in parish church—7.30 and 10. Preached at 10; also in the evening. Gave the Rosary and Benediction, Confessions, a Baptism, etc. So you see I am alive and well, I thank God, and not idle. The P.P. of the suburb—Monsignor Paul, V.G., is away, and I am in charge until he returns. I am alone and very well and happy. . . The Bishop here and his clergy are very kind to me, also the nuns. I have been doing some work for them, and they are grateful. After Easter I cross over from Auckland to Sydney, about twelve or fourteen hundred miles by sea. Then, after a bit, back to Melbourne Now good-bye, my own dearest sister. I frequently say Mass for you. God be with you. Ever your affectionate brother in J. C.,

"P. E. Duffy, S.J."

On his return to Kew College from his warfare in New Zealand, Father Duffy writes, on April 30, 1893:—"To my dying hour the remembrance of the campaign in New Zealand will bring sunshine to my heart!—all sunshine—not a cloud!" On May 6th he adds: "On my table when I returned here, I found some twenty-five letters from the old land! yours among them. Certainly there are those in that dear far-off land, thirteen thousand miles away, who don't forget."

As the time drew near for the usual round of retreats, he writes: "I feel like the war-horse in Job, scenting the coming battles from a distance, and eager for the fight; yes, and just as well able for the fun, I thank God! as I was forty years ago!"

In July, 1895, he was called off to Queensland, to conduct some Retreats. A letter written by him while there will be read with interest.

"Convent of Mercy, Rockhampton,
"Queensland, July 22nd, 1895.

"My own loved Sister,

"What a treat I got to-day in your dear welcome letter, and the good news it brought me of your dear self! May God be blest and thanked a thousand times!

"Here I am at work on the warpath, some 1,700 miles from Melbourne; a retreat for Mercy nuns—34 all told."

"July 26.

"Saint Anne! May God be merciful to poor dear Anne, just seven years gone, and now with some other dear ones in Heaven! Battle over this morning: most satisfactory; never more so in every way, thank God. Voice never stronger, I thank God. Everyone kind—Bishop, nuns, priests. In a couple of days I go on from here to Townsville—500 miles farther! for another battle or two—nuns and priests—and back here again, for the priests, I believe.

"27th—Have just been giving the 'Battery' and 'Day Book.' Away in the morning for Townsville. Everything here apple-pie. No more time."

"Townsville, August 1st.

"Arrived here ere yesterday all right, thank God. I write this in the Convent. Battle begins to-morrow evening. Though 'tis mid-winter the weather is as warm as in summer in Ireland! What must it be here in summertime! The sea spreads out before me, almost up to the Convent gate. A nice strand, along which I expect to have some nice lonely rambles during the retreat.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There is a magic by the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrude
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Now, I will send this off to-day, as busy days are so near. Don't be uneasy about me. I am in good hands. Pray for the cause that it may not suffer in my unworthy keeping. Good-bye! Ever in J. C.

"P. E. Duffy, S.J."

The sea had always a great attraction for him. In another letter written from Portland, he thus expresses himself:—"Here I am with the Loreto nuns—250 miles from Melbourne. We are on the sea-shore. A small convent, small community; a few boarders.

A very mild climate, good air. I feel very well, thank God, and am overwhelmed with kind attention by those most kind nuns. . . I spend my day at the Convent, and there is a neat little cottage hard by, which I have all to myself at night. The roll of the waves is a novelty, and is quite to my taste. I have a ramble along the shore every day.

"Good-bye, now. We will continue to assist each other till we meet in God's own time in the Promised Land!

"Your affectionate in J. C.,

"P. E. Duffy, S.J.

Father Duffy was entirely military in his ideas, and when he met with anyone who had distinguished himself in battle he felt immediately quite at home with him. Now, it happened that in the year 1896 there lay in one of the Melbourne hospitals a soldier that had fought in the Crimea during the memorable war of 1854. Therefore, as soon as Father Duffy heard of it, he hastened to the bedside of the invalid soldier, and had a long chat about old times. He gives, afterwards, a graphic account of this visit in a letter to his sister, which is worth reproducing here:—". . . Some few weeks ago, I went to see a patient in one of the Melbourne hospitals. He is suffering from paralysis—Edward Grennan, Irish and Catholic, a native of Mountrath, Queen's County. He had been in the army, a cavalry regiment, Lord Cardigan's light brigade, had ridden in the famous charge of 25th October, 1854. He is now the remnant of a well-looking man, who was then a youth of 20. Well, we fraternized of course, he and I, old Crimeans and fellow-soldiers. We chatted of the war, and of the charge of the Light Brigade, his brigade in particular. Step by step we got along, until I stood with him and his companions 600 strong, in thought and imagination—at the end of the valley—at the other end of which was the Russian battery of some ten or twelve pieces of cannon. Comes the order suddenly from head-quarters to capture those guns. 'Mount your horses, men,' sings out Lord Cardigan, the officer in command, 'and follow me.' Without a minute's hesitation the 600 are in their saddles, and away they go! Over 600, they start off through the valley (where I have been), dashing onward for the battery, distant a mile and a-half. Oh! my poor fellows! my poor brave fellows! Over 600 they commence their ride, to return later on, all that was left of them, about 200 men! Half an hour did the whole business. And *you*, said I to Grennan, how many wounds did *you* get? 'Not one! Not a scratch did I get through all that frightful carnage, in which we left 400 of our men smashed to atoms on the battlefield by the enemy's guns. . . .' Soon as he had finished describing things, and I had ceased making my remarks, I said to him: 'And when it was all over,' said I, 'and you and your companions, all that was left of them, had got back to the spot from whence you started, what did

you and they think of the whole matter from end to end? (Now bear in mind that the order given to take the guns was a stupid blunder; this is universally admitted).' 'Ah, Father,' was his answer, in a mild, modest tone of voice, 'we did as we were bid—we obeyed at once, and without discussing the nature of the order, whether it was wise or foolish. That was no business of ours. That belonged to the commander; *execution* was our part, and *that* we did.' 'You are a soldier,' said I, as he ended, 'every inch of you. You could not give me a better answer. Would that all we religious would do as you did—obey simply, promptly, and cheerfully. We have nothing more to do. . . .'"

The following is an extract from a letter to a friend on the same subject:—"Just a few hours after I had closed my letter to M. Gabriel, I happened to meet the newspaper scrap that I enclose. The analogy between the two warfares—the warfare of this world and the warfare of the soul is very close. They resemble each other in almost everything. What a noble example of obedience we have in the behaviour of the men of the Light Cavalry Brigade at Balaclava! I sometimes fear that on the Last Day Christ will contrast their conduct—their cheerful, ready obedience, with the tardy and half-hearted compliance of some of *His* soldiers in the spiritual warfare. Certainly, the gallant daring of the men who rode, at their leader's word, to almost certain death, is deserving of our imitation no less than it is of our praise. For my own part, I never will forget Edward Grennan's answer. It is so completely what should be mine in similar circumstances. The wisdom and the prudence of the order belongs to my Superior. To obey is mine, taking what comes to me from His lips as the will and command of God."

> "Charge was the captain's cry;
> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die!"

On one occasion, Father Duffy writes as follows:—"Only a few days ago, I returned from a very successful campaign—two pitched battles, eight days each. Was never better pleased in all my long experience on the war-path. 'Tis specially pleasant, on such occasions, to feel that you are leading followers that are willing and awake! Defend me from sleepy people! I am not at home with them. That odious milk-and-water! Odious in any cause, but in Christ's cause not to be borne! Be for me or be against me! Be hot or be cold! Be one thing or be the other! Only be *in earnest!*

"I gave the 'Battery and Day-Book' at both convents, and left all that made Retreat enthusiastic volunteers! You don't well understand, I suspect, what exactly I mean by this. 'Tis a question of *intention* or *motive* in what we do—the military idea applied to our warfare under Christ's standard. The temporal prince has three

different classes of soldiers: the *rank and file* of his army; his household troops or *body-guards;* and his *volunteers*. Each class has its own motive—good, better, best. Pay: pay and a mixture of something higher—love of king and country, namely: and, highest motive of all, *pure love* of the Prince!"

During this same year of 1896, he was called off to New South Wales to conduct some Retreats there, and on his return to Kew College we find him writing in enthusiastic terms of his experiences on the warpath. He says: "The campaign was most satisfactory from beginning to end. My first battle was with the Sisters of Mercy at Singleton. They mustered strong—seventy-six all told. Gave them after the fight the 'Battery and Day-Book,' to which they took with a will. The Sisters are nearly all Irish. 'Tis wonderful—dear old Catholic land! Your sons and your daughters are everywhere! Bishops, and priests, and nuns—the whole Church out here is Irish. Take the Irish away and you have no Australian Church. And as a rule they are good. The nuns are excellent; and their care of the female children is the hope for the future of Australia. From the Mercy Nuns I went to the Good Samaritan Nuns, near Sydney. That is, I went to conduct a Retreat for their penitents. Here, too, everything was satisfactory. The penitents numbered eighty-four, than whom more attentive listeners I have never spoken to! It was a pleasure to speak to them. At both Retreats, I heard all the confessions myself, giving trouble to no one. Now, am I not a promising young man of 82?"

In July, 1897, he writes: "Well, here I am back from the battle of Echnea, alive and well, I thank God, and ready for another fight—Convent of Mercy, Yarrawonga, about 170 miles away, which comes off in a few days. The Echuca Nuns (Brigidine, distant about 150 or 160 miles from Melbourne), were very satisfactory—could not be more so. Thirty-six sisters, all told, made the Retreat. They have a fine new convent, boarding-school, and day-pupils, etc., and are under the care of the Augustinian Fathers, who have a Church and Monastery in the neighbourhood, and with whom I stayed for the night during the Retreat. There are four Fathers, and they have charge of a large district all around. They all come from Dublin, as does the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Crane, and his Coadjutor, Dr. Reville. All, both bishop and priests, were exceedingly kind to me.

"We are getting onward here in Australia. I think Catholicity is making a marked advance with us. Good Bishops and Priests, and grand Nuns. What would the female children do but for the Nuns? Their zeal and their devotion to the cause is splendid. I always liked Nuns, and always got on well with them. As it was in Ireland, so is it in Australia. We are good friends, and I thank God that we are, for besides other benefits I get a good many prayers and I love a nun's prayer—*some Nuns'* particularly."

In another letter he says:—"Australia is bound to be a great country yet, and the Society has to do its part. We have two Colleges in this colony of Victoria, and two Missionary Residences, with Churches attached. In New South Wales we have two Colleges also, one Missionary Residence, and the Novitiate—eight establishments altogether. Were they all in full working order, as they will be, please God, something should come of it, to His greater glory."

As Father Duffy advanced in years, so did he also advance in the science of the saints. His favourite maxim: "Christ and His Cause for ever!"

Writing of that Cause, he says:—"Where is the Cause that is like it? It gives health, and strength, and vigour, and energy, and enthusiasm, as no other Cause can do. The longer I am at it, the more I appreciate it, the more I love it, the more am I enthusiastic to promote it at any cost. In doing which I am very, very happy, never was so happy in all my life! Is not the Leader good? Never could I tell you *how good* He is to me. How in His mercy He has arranged the past of my life, and made bright the prospect that is before me! I exult in the thought of it—a happy death and a glorious Eternity! For which I am prepared at any moment. 'Anima mea in manibus meis semper.' I carry my soul in my hands—as King David did—always ready for the call. And I will do so to the end."

He lived, as it were, in the thought of Eternity; it permeated his whole being. Writing on this subject, he goes on to say:—"I dive into the thought of Eternity often, of late, and get lost in it. I go from above to below—from Heaven to Hell, and back again to Heaven, and am stunned with what I see and feel! 'Tis useful to do this; it is a powerful stimulus to practise virtue and to avoid sin. And I feel wonderfully strengthened and fired after this meditation on Eternity to fight a more determined fight than ever for a happy Eternity! by working harder than ever for God, despising this world and everything in it."

This thought of Eternity did not, however, make him sad, for he adds, in the same letter: "No, I never have a melancholy moment. Were I dying this moment I think I should go off in good spirits." And again in another place he says: "I am as fresh and gay as an Irish lark as he mounts upward from a fallow field, and bursting his little throat with song after a shower in spring; so I am not likely to get anointed to-day. Everything is arranged through God's great mercy; and my hope, which nothing shall shake, is fast anchored beyond the grave!" And again: "My trust in God has grown immensely, even within the past six months. I never will let a desponding thought near me again, never! I am my Lord's—I feel that I am, more to-day than I have ever been, out-and-out-and-out, beginning, middle, and end of me, body and soul, to my latest breath; and I will stay so, and take whatever comes of *that*, be it

what it may! This leaves me at rest. No doubts, no fears, no childish whining about *self.*"

He was a great enemy to *self* in any shape or form, and when advising any one how to be happy would say: "Forget yourself; this is the secret; and think of Christ and of His Cause only. Leave yourself to Him. What matters it what happens us, if only we fight His Cause? Now, the less we bother about self the better we will do this."

Three years before his death, he writes: "Sometimes I feel quite mad with enthusiasm, heedless of self, so as the Cause goes on. And all the more so, the nearer that I draw to the hour when the word will be, 'Warrior, rest,' etc.

Saint Teresa, in her description of the different "States" of prayer, or "Flights" of the spirit, makes use, as a comparison, of this verse of the Royal Psalmist: "Who will give me the wings of a dove, and I will fly away and be at rest," etc. So, in a manner, has the spirit of the good Father flown afar off above the noise of creatures and of himself; above the miseries, the cares, and the entanglements of this world, and is now enabled to rest habitually in the contemplation of eternal things, and to take delight in the will and in the glory of his Maker.

In more ways than one is he like the great saint we have just mentioned. He is like her in his matter-of-fact common-sense; in his generous contempt for the things of this world; in his high resolve to promote the glory of God at any cost; in his lively gratitude for the benefits of God, particularly for his religious vocation; also in the manner in which he compares the soul to a "Fortress" or "Castle," in his "Battery," and in his general military spirit. It is well known how noted Saint Teresa is for these things, in her writings.

In one of his letters he mentions her as follows: "I am reading the Life of Saint Teresa, not without profit I hope, and instruction. How wise she was, and how brave!"

But if he be like Saint Teresa in some things, how much more is he like his own Founder and Father, Saint Ignatius, whose example he has so faithfully copied in his own person and conduct.

On learning the news of his sister's death, which occurred on the 15th of September, 1897, he writes the following touching letter to a friend in the Old Land:—

"Kew, Oct. 22, 1897.

"My very dear ——. Deo Gratias! These two words express the first impulse and the strongest feeling of my heart after the shock of your news had passed away. Deo Gratias! Yes, a thousand and a thousand times over. Deo Gratias, and then a Te Deum, *con brio*, in humble and fervent thanksgiving to God that our dearest one had passed away as she did, and was now safely landed on the shores of Eternity. For that she is, at this moment, sharing in the

cup of God's own Joy, I have not a doubt. For *you* I feel . . . And may our end, when the hour comes, be as her's was—with nothing to be regretted, nothing to be wished for—calm, ann Christian, and trustful—the death of the saints. . . . Oh! how short this life is! What a moment it is! And how are they privileged who spend this short moment in preparation for what is so near—and what is so very, very long, the duration without an end, towards which we are hastening. The thought of my dear loved sister's life, and her death, has set me thinking, thinking, thinking anew on the value of our vocation! What words can express it? Or what can we ever do to thank the Good Master for what He has done for us, in calling us out of a frivolous, worthless world, to spend our days, be they few or many, in loving and serving Him Who alone is deserving of our service, and all the love of our hearts. . . . Up with your heart, *sursum cor*, up with it after her whither she is gone, and whither we shall follow with God's help, when the hour comes.

"Your affectionate in J.C.,

"P. E. Duffy, S.J."

Father Duffy has still nearly four years to wait before his own summons comes to enter into the "Promised Land," and meanwhile the work goes on as before.

In January, 1898, we find him conducting a Retreat for the Sisters of Charity in Sydney. He writes: "We mustered strong, too, for the fight, 209 all told; 63 novices and postulants, and 22 professed nuns made it. The others attended all the meditations, etc., though not actually in Retreat. In all my long life, I never was in better voice or spirit! How can I thank my Lord and Leader? 'Tis impossible: but I am doing my little best. I heard all the confessions, etc.; did all myself. Of course I am a bit tired, and glad I am to be tired for Christ! Christ and His Cause for ever!"

In the following June or July he conducted a Retreat for the Marist Brothers, Hunter's Hill, Sydney. Writing of them, he goes on to say: "Nothing could surpass their attention to me. I was greatly edified, moreover, by their behaviour during the Retreat. We mustered strong for the battle—125 all told; the greatest number I have ever had in a Retreat for Religious."

His next Retreat was for the Benedictine Nuns at Subiaco, said to be the oldest Convent in all Australia.

During the last three years of his life, Father Duffy suffered from several very severe attacks of bronchitis, and on each occasion received the last Sacraments, with most lively dispositions of faith, hope and charity.

In October, 1898, he wrote the following beautiful letter to a friend:—

"My very dear ——,

"Our Winter Season is just past, and I am not sorry for it, for I get on badly enough in cold weather. And here in Melbourne we have some weather in the winter time—in June, July, August, and September, that I feel quite as much, perhaps more, than the winter in Ireland. Why? Chiefly because I am not able to take exercise as in days gone by. And why this again? Old age! Old bones—stiff and sore and weak! Coming on evidently to the end of the road, but not yet arrived there! A while longer. So it is with me, my dear ——, and so 'tis quite natural and right that it should be. Deo Gratias for all the blessings that I enjoy; they are many and great; and I am very, very happy, and prepared to *pack up* at a moment's notice, or to remain on still for a while longer—the longer the better, just as the Commander pleases. His will is my will; for I am His, body and soul. His fearless, daring soldier, out and out, and for ever! 'Tis a jolly pleasant life to lead—wanting nothing—wishing for nothing—caring for nothing under the sun but Christ and His Cause! Hurrah for that Cause! Christ and His Cause for ever! And what has brought me to this? What? Shall I tell you? The 'Battery and Day-book' have done it. They have been the means that, with the aid of divine Grace, have gradually rid me of all inordinate attachment to created things, and taught me to value only, and to labour only for the things that are beyond the grave! All that is here below is mere rubbish—worthless rubbish! All passing away! O for the goods that will *not* pass away! O for the joy that is joy indeed—God's own Joy! Do you know that as I dive into the future a bit, the near future, I exult in the prospect! Doubt and fear and misgiving is all gone! Deo Gratias again and again, and a third time Deo Gratias! And to what do I owe all this? I have told you—through God's mercy I owe it to the 'Battery and Day-book.' The daily use of them for years has revolutionized my life. And that daily use will do the same thing for any Religious who chooses. Did I tell you that I have printed a third edition, which will have attached to it an 'Analysis' of the 'Battery,' and a 'Key' for the 'Day-book,' for the use of those who may not have heard it explained by word of mouth. This 'Analysis' and 'Key,' moreover, are to take my place when I am gone, so that the 'Tiny' may still do good. . . ."

What is this "Tiny" that Father Duffy mentions in the foregoing letter? It is another name he has given the 'Battery,' and this also requires same explanation.

In the year 1887, Father Duffy published, with the permission of his Superiors, a little book entitled "The Eleven-Gun Battery, for the Defence of the Castle of the Soul. A new Method of Examen of

Conscience, etc.," to which is added, "A Day-book for Religious; or, The Art of leading, in Religion, a holy and a happy life, and dying, as a certain consequence, a holy and a happy death."

Providence furnished him always with sufficient means for the publishing of these little books, and he had the consolation of printing 5000 of them before his death, without his owing anyone a penny. "And what is pleasanter still," he writes, "I did not move an inch in the matter, from the beginning till now, without the sanction of authority."

Ever since he had been at the Crimea this new method of Examen of Conscience had been gradually forming in his mind, until it assumed its present form, and he now felt it would prove useful in Convents when conducting Retreats. Writing of it, he says:—"It is an engine of much good: I know it. Pray daily for its success, and it will please and oblige me more, far more, than if you prayed for myself. I am nothing, simply nothing! The 'Cause' is everything, simply everything."

All the aspirations of his soul may be summed up in the two following prayers of the "Battery":—

First Prayer—A Soldier's Petition to his Chief; or, Father D——'s Prayer to Jesus Christ:

"Master! Prince and Leader! What is Thy *Will*? O, Jesus! teach me to *know* that most blessed Will of Thine, and give me *pluck* to *do* it. Amen.

"Make me a *valiant* soldier in Thy service: I ask no more. Oh! may I *so* fight as to merit from Thyself, when the battle is over, the simple but magnificent epitaph: 'Here lies one that *did* a soldier's part.'"

Second Prayer.—Prayer to Christ Crucified:—

"May every thought I think,
May every word I speak,
May every act I perform,
May every breath I draw,
O, my Saviour, Jesus Christ!
My Lord and my God!
Tend wholly,
Tend solely,
Tend exclusively
to
Thy greater honour and glory. Amen."

This last prayer he often repeated to himself when passing a Crucifix, and sometimes when engaged in conversation with anyone he would, for a moment or so be recollected, look up at the Crucifix, and breathe forth his prayer of love, and then quietly resume the conversation as before.

On January 21st, 1899, Father Duffy writes from Kew as follows:—"The battle is not over yet, and while there are *two inches* of me together I'll fight—then, night! the long, dark night of Eternity! the night of the silent tomb, until we are waked up by the Archangel's trumpet on the morning of the Resurrection. Oh! . . . . that will be the waking up indeed. Let us go for it to the uttermost of what we are able, caring not one half-bad farthing for the whole world besides . . . . Press on madly in the fight, fearing nothing . . . ."

In January he goes on to say:—"I am glad you like my battle-cry: *Credo videre bona Domini in terra viventium! Credo! Credo!* I believe that I shall one day see the good things of the Lord in the Land of the Living. Yes, I do, I do!!! The double *credo* is my own. They express the positiveness of my belief. In it there is neither doubt or misgiving. I would not let such a feeling near me. 'Tis dishonouring to Christ. It looks as though one doubted His word . . . ." On the 15th August, 1900, he writes to a friend as follows:—"Xavier College, Melbourne.—My very dear ——. Well, just as I finished my Retreat (May 24) I was attacked rather severely by my old friend, bronchitis and asthma. And ever since until just now I have been laid up more or less, received the last Sacraments, the fourth time within the past three years—those glorious aids to the Christian traveller on his journey. Now, I am on my feet, I thank God, and doing some work—not much, for I am not very strong. The fine weather is at hand, however, and with it, and with God's help, I hope to be soon in the fight again! Meanwhile I feel as happy as I can be. God's goodness to me is unbounded. I want for nothing—soul or body. The evening of my long day of life is certainly calm and tranquil. *Deo gratias!* ten thousand times. I am not afraid to *go*, and am quite willing to stay. Whatever God wills. I have no will. I am absolutely in His Hands, to do what He pleases. To-day—the Assumption—is a great day of mine! According to my custom, I was out of my bed this morning shortly after one o'clock, and on my marrow-bones, to sing out (in spirit) my *Salve Regina* and *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving for my vocation! For it was on this day, sixty-six years ago, that I walked out of my father's house in Dublin city to join the Jesuits. Nor do I regret it. It was the best act of my life, not to be exchanged for gold. *Deo gratias!* again, ten millions of times. Amen. . . . I don't say Mass *every* day as yet. But, with God's help, there is a good time coming.—Your affectionate old friend, P. E. Duffy, S.J."

This was to be his last Feast of the Assumption on earth. Before another twelve months should have passed away he was to enter by the "narrow gate" into life everlasting. Alluding to the "narrow gate," he writes some few weeks previous to his death:—"Through many trials we are to force our way into the Kingdom where trials

will be no more! The rough and rugged way and the narrow gate! Hurrah for them! since they lead on straight to everlasting life!" And again, in a letter to another friend, he adds: "My Eternity will soon come, and be determined. Will it be 'Come, or Go"? I quiver when I think of it."

In the inscrutable designs of Providence, he may have been permitted to pass through a short period of mysterious dread of the "Judgment" so soon to come for him. We know not. But this we know, that his wish was granted in death, namely, to die, as he had lived, on the battlefield, and striking hard for Christ. It was in this way. He had just concluded his own Retreat, and was conducting one for the Sisters of Mercy at FitzRoy, when, one day, in descending a staircase rather hastily, he turned his foot and fell, causing a severe fracture to his hip. He was removed to a private hospital, where under the care of skilful doctors he was progressing favourably, when one day, having arisen from his bed and moved about the room, he unfortunately caused a repetition of the fracture, and pneumonia having set in, he sank rapidly. His sufferings were very acute, but, like a brave old soldier of Christ, he bore them all with great patience and resignation, and the end was calm, and peaceful, and holy. This happy departure took place on Saturday, July 27th, 1901, in the 88th year of his age, and 67th from his entrance into the Society of Jesus. The venerable remains were conveyed to St. Ignatius' Church, Richmond, there to await the Solem Requiem Mass and funeral service, which took place on the following Tuesday, in presence of a large congregation. What more appropriate words can we inscribe on his tomb than his own desired epitaph from his Divine Master: "Here lies one that *did* a soldier's part." And trust that it is corroborated in Heaven.

"Warrior, rest! thy warfare o'er!
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking!
Dream of battlefields no more!
Days of danger, nights of waking!"

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.
From henceforth now, saith the Spirit,
That they may rest from their labours:
For their works follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

OBITUARY.

REV. PHILIP O'CONNELL, S.J.

From *The Nation.*

Our obituary column to-day announces the death of the Rev. Philip O'Connell, of the Society of Jesus. The sad news will be received with feelings of deep regret by the many friends of the deceased priest throughout Ireland. In his native diocese of Kilmore the melancholy intelligence will awaken feelings of profound sorrow. Many of the priests of that diocese were trained by him in the early years of their preparation for the sacred ministry. After leaving Maynooth Father O'Connell was appointed President of St. Patrick's College, and during his tenure of that office raised the College to a high state of efficiency. He endeared himself to his students by his courteous and genial manners, while he set before them an impressive example of the virtues which should adorn the ministry for which they were preparing. After years of fruitful service to his diocese, he entered the Society of Jesus. Here his virtues and his gifts of intellect won prompt recognition. Having passed through the course of training usual in the Society, he was appointed Rector of St. Ignatius College, Galway, and subsequently Rector of the Sacred Heart College, Limerick. Both institutions profited largely by the capacity which he displayed, and pupils of both who are scattered over the world will receive the news of his death with sorrow. As a missioner he was known and revered in many parishes of Ireland; and from many a peasant homestead a prayer will rise to God for the repose of his soul. Among his brother priests of the Diocese of Kilmore he was held in special veneration. This feeling found expression when, on the death of the late Dr. Finnegan, the names of those from whom the priests of the diocese judged his successor should be selected were submitted to the Holy See. Many of his old colleagues and friends voted for Father O'Connell, though it was known that his obligations precluded him from accepting ecclesiastical dignities. His work lay in another sphere, and that work he discharged faithfully and fruitfully to the end. May he rest in peace.

REV. R. CARBERY, S.J.

From *The Freeman's Journal*, 1904.

With feelings of deep and sincere regret, which will be shared throughout the country, and specially by those who knew him during his connection with University College, Stephen's Green, we announce this morning the death of the Rev. Robert Carbery, S.J. The sad event took place yesterday evening at Milltown Park, County Dublin. The deceased Jesuit, who was one of the best known and most distinguished of his Order in Ireland, had attained the age of 74 years, and up to the last few days had been in the enjoyment of his usual health. On Friday last he contracted a severe cold, which gradually assumed a serious character. Sir Francis Cruise was summoned, but the services of that physician were ineffectual to check the progress of the attack, and the end, which for the last few days was seen to be rapidly approaching, arrived yesterday evening at seven o'clock.

Father Carbery, who was a native of Youghal, County Cork, belonged to a well-known and highly respected family in that district, and in his early years was a general favourite amongst all classes of the community. After his preliminary education he became a student in Trinity College, and subsequently at Clongowes College, where he underwent the course of study necessary to his preparations for the Order of which he was afterwards to become a member. After a short time in the theological class in Maynooth College, he was ordained to the priesthood, and soon after became a member of the great Society founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola. His capacity for teaching was soon appreciated by his superiors, who promoted him to a professorship in Tullabeg College, King's County. With that institution he was associated for almost a dozen years, during which he numbered among his students many men now prominent in public life and in law and medicine. His next appointment was to the rectorship of Clongowes College, where his charm of character and ability as an educationalist won him an abiding place in the affections of those under him. It was in his subsequent position, however, as rector of the University College, that his educational powers found their proper field. None of the many eminent Jesuits who have presided over the University College have shed a brighter lustre over it, and done more to establish for it a reputation second to none among the teaching influences potent to-day in Ireland than Father Carbery. His tenure of office was one of the most successful in the history of the college, and may be said to have constituted it the centre of higher

Catholic education in this country. Since his retirement from the presidency of the University College Father Carbery has been stationed at Milltown Park, where he has been engaged in conducting lay and and religious Retreats. The late distinguished Jesuit was a fellow-student of the present Lord Chief Baron at Clongowes Wood College, and the passing of time but cemented more closely the friendship of their student days.

FATHER PATRICK HUGHES.

On the morning of the 8th of March, Father Hughes passed away calmly and peacefully at the Private Hospital attached to St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, whither he had been moved for an operation some few weeks prior to his death. Born on the 3rd of November, 1837, and educated in youth at Belvedere College, Dublin, and St. Finian's, Navan, he entered the Novitiate at Milltown Park on the 7th December, 1860. Thence passing to Roehampton for Rhetoric, and to the Roman College for the study of Philosophy, he returned to Ireland to teach in the College of Clongowes and Tullabeg. His immediate preparation for the Priesthood was made at Laval, in France, where he was ordained with Father Edmund Donovan, still happily living. Passing at the end of his fourth year's Theology in Tronchiennes, he made his Tertianship in company with Father Joseph Tuite, of Riverview College, Sydney, and Father Daniel Clancy, who died in Australia some years ago. We next find him at Clongowes, where he filled the difficult post of Minister for two years. In September of 1877, he was Master and Operarius at the Crescent, Limerick, where he remained until 1882. He afterwards was made Procurator of Mungret, which had just been handed over to Our Fathers. Here he put everything on good footing From 1883 to 1887 he was Procurator of the Province, and during the latter year he joined the Mission Staff.

On the 23rd of March, 1888, Very Rev. Father General appointed him Rector of Galway. In 1891 he again joined the Mission Staff, and on Father Ronan's retirement was made Superior of the Missions. This post he filled with great satisfaction. He was a man of sound common sense, and will be well remembered by many Religious Communities who listened with great fruit to his prudent exhortations. During the last few years of his life he suffered very much, and felt especially his retirement, which, alas, came too soon. May he rest in peace.

BROTHER THOMAS FLATLEY.

Brother Flatley, who was born on the 7th January, 1842, entered the Society twenty-four years later. On the 20th June, 1866, he commenced his Novitiate in Milltown Park, Fr. Sturzo being at that time Master of Novices. The two years completed, he remained yet another two in "the Park"—in the laborious office of Cook—and was

then sent by Superiors to Gardiner Street, where he filled the post of Refectorian until the year 1886. During his stay in St. Francis Xavier's, he never lost the opportunity of saying a good word in due season to the many externs with whom, by reason of his duties, he came in contact. The years 1886 and 1887 he spent in Clongowes and Milltown Park respectively, but in 1888 once more returned to Gardiner Street. Eighteen months before his death he underwent a painful operation for internal cancer, which only served to prolong his life. His conduct during his last illness was most patient and edifying, and he died calmly on the Feast of Saint Aloysius, 21st June, 1903. R.I.P.

BROTHER PETER KEHOE.

In the person of Brother Peter Kehoe, there passed away from life's busy scene a truly "good and faithful servant" of the Lord. One whose solid if unostentatious piety, religious spirit, and love of work could not but influence for good those with whom he lived.

Born in the County Wexford, on the 29th January, 1835, it was not until his twenty-eighth year that he heard the whispering of the "still small voice," which bade him renounce the world and its vanities to fix his thoughts on higher things. Answering to the call, he entered the Society in the month of December, 1862, making his Novitiate in Milltown Park. There his earnest manner, strict observance of rule, and scrupulous attention in performing the various duties assigned to him by Superiors, presaged that he would be, as he afterwards proved, a good, useful, and edifying Lay Brother. At the expiration of his Noviceship, he was first sent to Galway as Sacristan. There he remained twelve months, at the end of which time he was transferred to Tullabeg. Here and in Clongowes he spent the remaining busy years of his religious life, equally ready for whatever office he might be called upon to fulfil—"Sacristan" or "Dispenser." It is in the latter capacity that he will be chiefly remembered, and if he had a fault it was not on the side of extravagence.

Quietly and uneventfully the years passed by with this good brother, and when the end at length came it found him well prepared and eager to meet His Lord, whom he had so long and so faithfully served. On the 2nd January, 1904, he went to his reward. R.I.P.

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„ *P. Hughes, S.J.*

Brother Thos. Flatley, S.J.

„ *Peter Kehoe, S.J.*

NOTICE.

Any source of information, whether in the shape of manuscripts, books, or personal knowledge throwing light on the early history of the Irish Mission, S.J., will be gratefully received by the Very Rev. Father Provincial, S.J., Presbytery, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin.